Soldiers in Many Camps Glad Work Has Brought Them Week Nearer France and Victory

Camp Wadsworth Soldiers Remove Cemetery—Are Warned of Ghosts

Negroes Prophesy Evils to Come

Seventh Pitches on Site 13 and Begins Training for the Great Purpose

By H. W. Francis

CAMP WADSWORTH (Spartanburg, S. C.), Sept. 14.—Official reports do not deal with such things and rank materialism prevades all the outpourings from headquarters, so it is not easy to obtain a fair official estimate of the number of ghosts that sightly parade the company streets of this camp. Major General John F. O'Ryan says there are none, but "Long Distance," a patriarchial darky, whose words are regarded as prophecies by the bulk of the negro population of the district, has proclaimed the camp to be haunted by the shades of scores of ante-bellum negroes whose sequestered graves have been violated by Colonel Vanderbilt's 22d Engineers. The darkies, for miles around avoid the camp after twilight, flood their shanties with candle light and shiver at the sound of taps reverberating through the dark.

What is now the centre of camp used to be a small settlement of negro farmers whose homes nestled in the shelter of the maples, oaks and pines that now shade divisional headquarters. The broad expanse, which now is a close-order drill ground, used to produce corn and cotton, which the negroes sowed, tilled and harvested on shares with the white man who owned the property. The pride of the settlement was a frame church, built by popular subscription on the site of an old meeting house in which the settlement fathers, decades ago, worshipped regularly as slaves until they were laid to rest in the "slave cemetery" adjoining the edifice.

Although the old church was torn down to make way for the new, the cemetery was left untouched, the darkies holding that any interference with the graves would "arouse the spirits." With the advent of the military the darkies moved away, services were discontinued in the church and the building was purchased by the government for use as a hospital or storehouse. The structure, deserted, fell into disrepair.

"Conning Tower" Put to Use

In order to obtain a panoramic photograph of the camp, The Tribune built a tower on the roof of the edifice which, rising above the church steeple, commands a clear view in any direction from the highest point in the vicinity. The structure, now often used by army officers as an observation post, is generally known as "The Conning Tower." The negroes regarded its erection with forebodings, references to the tower of Babel and dire predictions concerning the fate in store for those who ventured to ascent to the tower top being made.

When The Tribune photographer ascended, took his pictures and descended unharmed the negroes were astounded at his temerity. But their astonishment was as nothing compared to their amazement, when, a few days later, the 22d Engineers carried picks and shovels to the old "slave burying ground" and began to uproot crumbling headstones, green with the moss of years, and disinter the remains of slaves laid to rest long before the civil war.

The coffins had been ordered removed and the cemetery "cleaned up" by Lieutenant Colonel Edward R. Maloney, divisional surgeon, in the interest of camp sanitation. But all this was lost on "Long Distance," who solemnly averred that if "you soldiers want to proteck yo' health you'all will leave them there skeletons alone."

Things began to happen as soon as the first set of time-bleached bones were brought to light. Private "Neelie" Vanderbilt, the pride of the headquarters' troop and son of the colonel of the 22d, was taken down with a mysterious ailment which "Long Distance" proclaimed to be "speerit fever" and which kept the camp's richest recruit in his bunk for five days.

Sentries reported hearing dismal groans issuing from the woods in which the tents of the supply train are pitched. The negroes diagnosed the sounds as the wailing protests of departed souls, indignant at being disturbed in their sleep of centuries and Captain George Robertson, in command of the train, formerly the auto race driver of Vanderbilt cup fame, and a firm believer in the efficacy of the "hoodoo," was almost converted to the view when the ghost was laid.

O'Brien Snores Like a Ghost

The unearthly groans turned out to be nothing but the stentorian snores of Sergeant Justin O'Brien, son of former Judge Morgan J. O'Brien of the Supreme Court, who explained that he had been dreaming of the Pilsener Gardens of Berlin. With one ghost laid to rest the camp was swinging back to its normal materiality, when numerous sentries, members of the North Carolina National Guard, who did duty here before the 7th arrived, reported being scared out of their wits by the apparition of a long, rakish, gray automobile which sped, silently, but at incredible speed, along the camp roads in the darkness of the night, ignoring all challenges and disappearing before a rifle could be aimed at it.

"Long Distance" and his black neighbors had various theories to account for this "motor ghost," but none of them appealed to General O'Ryan, who called the sentries before him and upbraided them for laxity in their guard duty. The sentries swore to get the "motor ghost" if a well-placed .32-32 could do the trick. Private Moorehead, who donned the khaki at Shelby, N. C., a few months ago, told himself he didn't believe in ghosts, massaged his trigger finger and watched.

Two nights later the "Motor ghost" came floating up toward his post. "Halt!" yelled Moorehead, but the shadowy car sped on. The sentry levelled his rifle and fired twice. There was a sound which indicated bullets had found a concrete billet, the car stopped and a man stepped out. "What's the idea, sentry, trying to imitate the Germans?" he asked. "Why didn't you stop when challenged?" was the question in reply, "and who are you?" "I'm Major J. W. Farrell, Assistant Quartermaster," came the answer, "and I want to congratulate you on your marksmanship. Your first shot missed me by a few inches. My chauffeur didn't see you." And so the "Motor ghost" scare was ended, but there are still other midnight mysteries within the borders of the reservation; and if the negroes are to be credited, "There will not be a good night's sleep for the soldier boys until those dead men's bones are put to rest again."

The Seventh Picks Thirteen

The "Dandy Seventh" is quartered on camp site number 13, only a stone's throw from the torn-up cemetery. So far the boys have been so busy making up the sleep lost en route, that they have had little opportunity to encounter the occult. But they can't get the negro taxi drivers to drive past the "Buryin' ground" on their way back to camp at night, and they are forced to pass the spot afoot. Many who never believed in ghosts while they were at Park avenue and Sixty-sixth street hustle along the pitch-dark road bordered by sighing pines and hemlocks and call down maledictions on the meddlesome engineers, who not only strewed their camp road with open graves, but piled on the agony by numbering the Seventh's camp 13.

The constructing quartermaster cannot get negroes to work in the vicinity of the remade churchyard, no matter what wages are offered. The entire negro population hereabouts always has had a vague fear of the troops, but now there is distinct alarm, and the old mammies are singing the children asleep with a lullaby which goes something like this:

Keep away, honey, keep away, do;
Ef yo' doan, bogies ul sho' get you.
Soldier boys got the bones Grandma's Uncle Joe.
Keep away, honey, keep away, do.

With the Seventh and Twelfth here next week will see the Twenty-seventh Division hard at work training for the supreme purpose. The troops are eager to begin drills and are tired of the drudgery of camp making, road fixing, wire stringing and the scores of other secondary tasks.

The actual work of reorganizing the division to European standards will be taken up Monday by Colonel H. H. Bandholz, U. S. A., chief of staff, but the work will not interfere with the daily drills. There is a persistent report along the company streets that when the reorganization is complete the division will begin the move toward a Southern port and take ship for France. There is little talk of anything except France, French books, French pastry, and even French chalk find a ready sale in the stores, and so eager are the troopers to get on the firing line that one said to-day he would be tempted to take French leave from camp and go to the front if there is much more delay in meeting the Boches.

NEW YORK TROOPS AT WORK AND PLAY IN SPARTANBURG CAMP

(Copyright, 1917, International Film Service)
Colonel Vanderbilt watching the 22d New York Engineers building

(Copyright, 1917, Underwood & Underwood)
Every recruit must be tossed in a blanket—at least once. The tossers like this sport.

(Copyright, 1917, International Film Service)
"Reno" throwing Private Dick Kenny, champion horse breaker of Compan y D, 22d Engineers.

Dentist Fades Away In London Air Raid

American Professor in Chair Describes Attack From the Clouds

CHICAGO, Sept. 15.—Professor E. O. Sellers, who has been assigned by the Moody Institute to the International Y. M. C. A. for work among the English and French camps, has written friends in Chicago an account of a recent air raid.

"Well, I've seen and heard my first, and I trust my last, air raid, for I was in London Saturday," reads the letter. "I was in a dentist's chair when we heard a distant boom like thunder, rapidly increasing until the crash of air artillery sounded like a hard thunder storm.

"My dentist just naturally faded out of sight. I went to the lower floor and watched the machines as they approached, and then out on the street. In all over thirty, friend and foe; it was a great sight, shrapnel shells exploding about them, but still on they came.

"As soon as my dentist emerged and finished my work I went to the part of the city where I thought the damage had been inflicted. I was amazed at the calmness of the people; not as much excitement as I have seen at home over a bad fire or a cyclone.

"The property damage appeared much greater than the reality owing to the large amount of broken glass in the streets. I saw only one public building harmed, and that not at all seriously. The protection of cellars rendered the loss of life very slight."

for bootlegging soft drinks. The proprietors in many cases have invested their life earnings in building shacks and are determined to get their money back, even if they have to buttonhole custom and lead it around to the back door or sub-cellar.

The organization of the military city has been progressing daily until now it has reached a point where every distinctive feature of the modern community may be discerned.

There is the city hall, with Major General Morton presiding as Mayor; the police department, with its patrolmen, mounted ghards, motorcycle patrol and detective force; the fire dedartment, with a fighting personnel comprising men who have been especially trained as "smokeeaters" in some of the biggest Northern departments; the street department, with its engineers, graders, sprinkling apparatus and inspectors; the court, with Major John Philip Hill, former District Attorney of Baltimore, presiding as judge-advocate; the city's chief clerk, with his big force of stenographers, typewriters, file clerks and accountants; the sanitary department, comprised of physicians and inspectors, and numerous other familiar municipal features.

A base hospital, with seven ward compartments costing $8,000 each, is in course of construction, and some of the foremost physicians and specialists in the country make up the medical detachment stationed at Camp McClellan. The postoffice, whose appointments and general plan are superior to those of the Federal buildings in many Northern cities, keeps a force of clerks working night and day, and hundreds of thousands of pieces of mail are received and distributed every twenty-four hours.

A camp garage, with nearly one hundred cars, as well as delivery wagons, is in use day and night. Officers are furnished motor transporation throughout the five miles of street in the cantonment, and so large is the reservation that a private in one end of the camp has little opportunity of seeing a companion at the opposite end for weeks at a time.

One of the features of camp life at this cantonment, which is commanding the respect and support of the divisional staff, is the activity of the Y. M. C. A. Twenty men under the direction of Dr. Walter L. Harvey, one of the examiners for the New York City Board of Education, are working twenty-four hours a day and seven days a week for the soldiers, and the Guardsmen are loyal in their praise of the association benefactors. Buildings have been established in all parts of the reservation; outdoor stages have been built; writing material and stamps are being provided; religious, social and physical programmes are being promoted, and a thousand and one other features are interesting every man in camp. One branch of the Y. M. C. A. here under the direction of C. William Bingeman, formerly with the Travellers' Life Insurance Company, in New York City, and at one time the secretary of the Plainfield and Madison Y. M. C. A. branches, last week handled $6,200 in money orders from the soldiers. This is in accordance with the association's policy to encourage the men to send money home rather than squander it in gambling. Similar reports were made by other branches following payday. Five sets of equipment for all major branches of sports have been provided by the Y. M. C. A., and some of the foremost Eastern college cracks are heading baseball leagues, football teams and organizing track meets.

Drinking water has been brought to the camp from springs in the Blue Ridge Mountains. Thousands of feet of water pips have been laid and every outfit has its supply coming into its mess shack. Hundreds of miles of telephone and electric light wires have been strung, and the entire cantonment is connected by telephone and lighted by electricity.

Anniston has been referred to as the "city of churches," or the Brooklyn of the South, because of the general representation of religious denominations and the number of houses of worship. It is natural for the soldier to become sentimental when he is travelling "warward," and it is also natural for him to crave more for religion than he would under ordinary circumstances. General Morton had indicated a tendency to encourage the work of chaplains and town preachers by extending passes of admission to the cantonment to ministers of all faiths, and he is anxious to give the men the advantages of religious meetings both Sundays and weekdays.

Five colored ministers of the town of Anniston have been appointed by General Morton as a committee to look after the interests of the five companies of negro soldiers due to arrive here shortly. The colored Guardsmen will be quartered in one section of the camp; special entertainment will be arranged for them; negro stores and amusement houses will cater to their patronage in the town proper, and rest rooms will be provided in the colored churches. Each minister is responsible for the entertainment and conduct of one company.

Food served the men of the 29th cannot be approached for wholesomeness and quality. Farmers visit the reservation daily and offer their wares for sale. Meats, vegetables, dairy products and fruits right off the farm are served in the mess halls.

Jersey Soldiers in South Buckle Down to Training

Rumor That Mounted Men Will Be Assigned to Guns Disturbs Old Guardsmen—Officers Receive Hint Wives Should Be Sent North

[Staff Correspondence]

CAMP M'CLELLAN, ANNISTON, Ala., Sept. 15.—Almost the first thing arriving units of the 29th Division have learned upon their detrainment here was the fact that Major General Charles W. Morton, commander of the division, is a stickler for hard work. Officers and enlisted men have been given to understand that they must buckle down to the task of intensive training. A large number of the officers have brought wives and families to Anniston. They have been informed through official channels that they will have no time to spend with relatives, and now is just as good a time as any other to ship them back North.

Officers will be the hardest worked individuals in this unit. Courses of study that will make them burn the midnight oil have been mapped out, and during the hours of the day when they are not leading their commands through the rudiments of modern warfare they will be expected to be in quarters studying.

The fact that New Jersey's brigade is now intact at this point has caused the commanding personnel, including Colonel John D. Fraser of the 1st Infantry; Colonel Albert S. Van Walraven of the 5th Infantry; Lieutenant Colonel Henry Lohmann, jr., acting commander of the 4th Infantry; Major H. Brown, of the cavalry squadron, and Major Harriot Moore, adjutant of the brigade, to get down to hard work; and the men who make their military headquarters in the armories of Newark, Paterson and Jersey City are already plunged into the programme of elementary training prescribed by Major General Morton.

May Go to France First

It will be all work and little play for the soldier, and the folks back home might as well make up their minds that New Jersey soldiers will be the first of the 29th Division to cross the big pond. There is every indication that the units will be sent across as they become qualified and that the movement will not be held up until the entire division is ready.

The attention of every soldier at Camp McClellan is to-day focussed on the probable fate of the cavalry. Although it is the general belief that the United States government contemplates transforming the mounted units into artillery detachments, some of the commanders are optimistic of their chances of remaining mounted and are loath to accept the rumored verdict until they see an order in black and white.

Major Brown, of the New Jersey cavalry, voiced the sentiment of his fellow officers this morning in an interview when he said: "It is pretty hard for us fellows who have been trained as cavalrymen to think of becoming 'doughboys' or artillerymen, but if the change is to be made give me the artillery. Many of the boys have had a hobby of cavalry work, and we would not be in a troop to-day if we did not prefer mounted service.

"If we ever get the enemy on the run 'over there' the cavalry will be indispensable, but it looks to me as though we would be of greater value at the present time in a different field of work. But whether it be cavalry, infantry or artillery, we are here to serve Uncle Sam, and we can be relied upon to do our best in any field."

All indications point to the isolation of the 29th Division within the forty square miles of government reservation by the time the entire unit arrives here. Confining a division of 45,000 men to forty square miles does not indicate a hardship to the average reader, but any one who is familiar with an army camp knows that soldiers desire to get to a real city occasionally. And Camp McClellan soldiers are no exception to the rule. Means of transportation to and from Anniston are inadequate to care for the uniformed men already here, and one pauses to reflect with anxiety on the results when the complete unit gets under canvas. Taxi drivers ask $1 a head for the seven-mile run to the city, and as long as they can boost the rate and keep it up the military police will insist on commandeering the cars every night for the transportation of troops. Some of the operators have already gotten a big enough dose of what they term "rough treatment," and have moved their equipment to Birmingham and elsewhere. If the taxis quit it will be a case of staying at camp for the uniformed men, for the seven-mile walk is too long to be agreeable.

Drink Seller Hard Hit

General Morton's rule to suspend the sale of food and drink at stands near the camp and on the road to the city and camp has resulted in the posting of provost guards at every counter, and enlisted men attempting to make purchases are immediately placed under arrest. The result has been the opening of numerous "blind pigs"

Rainbow Division, Fit to a Man and Chafing at Delay, Awaits Command That Will Send It on Road to France—Units From 27 States Could Be Moved Quickly

[Staff Correspondent]

CAMP MILLS, Long Island, Sept. 16.—When will Washington flash word to Hempstead Plains that will release the waiting hosts of the first Rainbow Division and start them on the broad highway that leads straight across the gleaming waters to France and the trenches? Paramount in the mind of every one of the 25,000 officers and men tenting to-night under canvas at Camp Mills is that query.

"The Rainbow Division is complete. We are all here now. And you may say we are ready to go." So said General W. A. Mann, the soldier who will guide the Rainbow unit overseas.

"News?" asked Major W. N. Hughes, assistant chief of staff to General Mann and cable censor at Vera Cruz during the American occupation of that city, at his daily conference with correspondents at Camp Mills the same afternoon. "Why, there is no news here—only this: The Rainbow Division is ready to fight. Look!"

And Major Hughes pointed to a column of khaki-clad lads swinging down Clinton Road, past the little shacks that are division headquarters, toward the drab tropical tents that mark the point where the camp proper begins. He looked at his wrist watch. The line was pounding down the road and the boys were singing "Over There." They were the lads of the old 69th Infantry of New York, now the 165th, back from a six-mile hike and every man fresh, buyant, his step springy and the columns of squads up on toes at the raucous commands of the line officers.

Every Unit in Condition

The last man of the Irish command vanished around the bend in the road and Major Hughes glanced at his watch again. "Eleven minutes," he said, and then he whistled. "It usually takes at least thirteen minutes for an entire regiment to march past a given point in that formation. You see, those men are in excellent shape, trained down to a veritable razor edge. Yes, the Rainbow Division is ready to fight. Every unit here is in the pink of condition."

Another column hove into sight. It came along one of the many macadamized roads extend from Camp Mills in every direction, narrowing, widening and then narrowing again in reckless, wayward fashion.

The soldiers were massed well on the right side of the road. Fully half of the thoroughfare was clear for traffic. The men here have been trained to huddle together, so that when tramp the lanes of France there'll be plenty of room for the artillery and motor lorries and ambulances and supply wagons that roll back and forth from the fronts.

The soldiers were passing headquarters now. This time it was the lads who came from Alabama. They were whistling "Marching Through Georgia." Up in the elms and pines and spruce trees that line Clinton Road birds were twittering excitedly. "Halt!" barks the man at the head of the column, and the men stop dead in their tracks, their muskets clatter to the ground in unison.

Weather Hard on Southerners

"War is hell!" observes a buck private in the rear line. Then he spies Major Hughes, salutes sheepishly and looks the other way. The Alabama troops went through a painful period of readjustment when they came to Hempstead Plains. They left the South with its warm days and nights and balmy breezes and came to this Long Island cantonment, where the thermometer has a way of shooting down at nights. The comparative cold weather worked hardships on these lads for a time. They are all accimatized to the change now and like it here.

Hard behind this line are the troops of faraway Iowa. A husky, lanky lot they are; taking them as a whole they are perhaps the biggest men in the Rainbow Division. And why shouldn't they be? Ask Colonel Bennet, their commander, and he'll tell you that 80 per cent of his outfit is made up of lads recruited from wheat and corn lands of the Hawk Eye State. When the Germans see these lads they'll think an angry God has sent a new race of giants to chastise them.

The Iowa lads swing into camp and the tents and company streets swallow them up. Then come men from Ohio, Georgia, Oregon, Michigan, Virginia, Illinois and distant California. In all there are soldiers from twenty-seven states. And every unit is in good shape and marches just as well as the old 69th.

And when will they move toward France? One guess is as good as another. General Mann will frankly tell you he doesn't know. The order may come to-morrow, and it may not come for some weeks. Many things must be taken into consideration in the movement of so great a body of troops, time and tide, and not least of all transports.

Every Arm Coördinated

But one thing is certain: every tick of the clock is taking the 42d Division a step nearer France. The men are thoroughly esuipped; the Rainbow Division, under the watchful eye of General Mann and his staff, has been welded into an efficient fighting machine. A chain is as strong as its weakest link, and every link in the Rainbow Division is of tempered steel. Every arm of the division has been perfectly coordinated. The men are primed and pulling at the leashes that keep them here like dogs of war eager to be loosed.

The consciousness that the days they are destined to spend at Hempstead Plains and on the shores of this continet are number is keeping the men on edge. They take this thought to bed with them, and it makes the sense of physical fatigue that is theirs endurable. It is the predominating motif of their dreams, which must be of France, muddy trenches, curtains of fire, little puffs of white smoke, whining shell, the rattle of musketry, the deafening boom of big guns, and perhaps of the pretty French maids and smiling streams and sunny fields they will know when they are billeted.

They think of their impending departure at reveille. Any one of these wonderful mornings, with the skies clear and brilliant and just a touch of cold in the air, may be their last here. And any evening retreat, with the men ranged on the parade ground, the band playing "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the sun going down behind Wheatley Hills and tinting the skies in riotous splendor, may be the last these boys will know at Camp Mills.

Could Be Moved Quickly

And when Washington decides that the Rainbow Division's hour has come the men will be ready. Officers here say the division could be moved out with amazing expedition.

"Do you know what is going to happen?" asked a major in the old 69th last night. "We'll get the order to move from Washington some of these days. I think it will come at night. The word will be passed along the line; the men will work frantically far into the night. And next morning, when you come out here, you'll find the tents down, the supply houses emptied of their precious supplies and Hempstead Plains scarred and torn and suite deserted. We'll have moved another peg toward our destiny."

Signal Corps Hikes 56 Miles in 48 Hours

Y. M. C. A. Completes New Camp and Opens Bank for Men

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Sept. 15.—Of the thirteen weeks since the Signal Corps was established at the old Monmouth Park track, the one closing to-night has been the busiest.

Companies D and E of the 11th Battalion, numbering 200 men, hiked to Fort Hancock on Thursday and yesterday. They took along with them five trucks, two motorcycles and war rations and tents. All told, the battalion covered fifty-six miles in forty-eight hours, and returned in good shape. They were in charge of Major Russell and are expected soon to leave for "Somewhere in France." When they do go their barracks will be filled by a battalion from El Paso, Tex.

The new Y. M. C. A. camp is nearly finished. It is expected that the initial religious service will be held to-morrow morning, when the Rev. H. Paul Sloan, of Red Bank, will preach.

The Rumson women, Mrs. Bertram H. Borden, chairman, made their last weekly visit to the Y. M. C. A. tent camp Thursday night. Instead of the Rumson folks entertaining the Signal Corps boys, the soldiers entertained the cottagers and their guests with a programme that lasted two hours. The show will be repeated next Friday night at the Broadway Theatre, this city, the receipts going to the furniture fund.

The Y. M. C. A. has opened a savings account for the Signal Corps boys. Already many of the men have deposited money for a "rainy day."

Khaki-covered Testaments were distributed among the Signal Corps men.

Captain J. A. Hart, of the Signal Corps, U. S. R., sailed for France this week.

Colonel George E. Mitchell, commanding officer, is back from a forty-eight hour stay in New York.

Mrs. Shinn, wife of Social Leader Shinn of the Y. M. C. A., of Philadelphia, is here on a visit.

Mrs. Charles E. Russell and daughter, Miss Eunice, of Boston, are stopping at the Cloughly homestead, in Norwood Avenue.

Long Branch Masons will tender the Signal Corps boys who are members of the fraternity a reception next Wednesday night. The occasion will be the opening of the fall communications of Abacus Lodge, No. 182. Colonel George E. Mitchell, commanding officer, who is a member of the fraternity at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, will be invited to be present. Several of his associate officers are also members of the ancient order.

Writers Win Fresh Honors In War Work

By F. A. Wray

LONDON, Sept. 10.—When all ranks and classes rushed to join the colors at the outbreak of war the writing men of England were neither among the last nor the least numerous. Very cheerfully they added the weapon of the sword to that of the pen. Some of them have fallen. Others, in the intervals of their military duties, have gained fresh glory in the fields of literature.

Every one knows of the work of those who, in this company, have met their deaths. The names of soldier poets and writers like Rupert Brooke, Raymond Asquith, Julian A. F. Wilding, Ivan Heald, Julian Grenfell, Dixon Scott and Harold Chapin, will endure. England treasures the work they were allowed to accomplish and sighs over that they were obliged to leave undone.

But the British army still teems with men who have won fame in the world of writing and others who probably will make great reputations in the future. I have talked to many of them. Not one has ever expressed an opinion that the war has interfered with his chosen work. On the contrary, one and all declare that it has widened their imaginations, brought them nearer to human nature and quickened their realization of the issues of life and death.

It would be a thousand pities if men like these did not record their impression of the great war, not merely when it is all over and done with, but now, when they are living it.

That much abused institution, the British War Office—which incidentally has proved itself in the last three years the most efficient of all government departments—realized this many months ago. The War Office saw that it had this vast mass of literary talent at its disposal and determined to make the best use of it. Accordingly it extended encouragement to all ranks wishing to write of their experiences. The news spread through the army and very soon manuscripts began to pour in. Of course all have to pass the military censorship, but when that is done then they are published and distributed by the military authorities.

Many of the best of these articles have first seen the light in The Tribune. There have been several from the pen of Lord Dunsany, mystical poet playwright and critic; Patrick MacGill, ex-road worker, then librarian of Windsor Castle, has contributed many. Others have been written by Captain A. J. Dawson, one of the literary discoveries of the war, whose books enjoy a popularity on a par with those of Ian Hay; by Charles Vince, F. M. Ward, Captain F. S. Brereton, F. J. Sleath and W. Douglas Newton.

For all these articles not one single cent has been paid. The writers gladly, out of sheer patriotism, have placed not only their swords but their literary talents at the service of their country. They record what happens before their eyes—although usually in the guise of fiction—and put before the eyes of the world some pictures of war hitherto unobtainable.

To the future historian their work may be invaluable.